Wander in the Woods

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Wander in the Woods

by Casjuice

Summary

Will Graham is a hermit of a faun living quietly by the river, an assortment of stray dogs his only company. He never bothers anyone and in return, no-one bothers him.

But an escaped Winston, a moonlit wandering into the woods and the poor decision of following a pixie leads Will into a situation he couldn't have dreamt up even if he tried.

The glen was beautiful in the late afternoon, especially by the riverside. Soft sunlight was broken by the trailing locks of willow branches, silver green reeds rustled with the soft babble of the water, trout swam past like silver bullets under the blanket of the river.

Will Graham sat on a rock by the water; goat's legs dipping into the water as one of the sliding trout caught on his fishing line. He tugged the slender birch rod and flicked it up, the fish's scales glinting a mixture of amber and silver in the dappled light. It arched its body, water droplets flicked from its strong tail in a dainty shower. Will caught it before it hit the ground, stabbing it's tiny heart quickly and smoothly, the fish going limp and heavy in his hands.

Tiny smears of trout's blood stained his freckled faun skin.

He stood, hooves clacking, wind rifling through his dark curled fur and hair with curious fingers. Grey-blue eyes turned dark in the gentle light of the afternoon; short, almost pinched horns stuck out in creamy contrast against the dark curls thrown over his head.

He sighed softly, dropping his catch into a pouch tied round his hip. Slowly, he stepped into the grass, careful not to step on the pixies dancing between the blades. To most people, the pixies felt obliged to hide; but Will was a hermit of a faun, a quiet little outcast that lived far away from anyone else. He left them alone and they did nothing to harm him or hide from him, though occasionally they brought berries and nuts to his doorway if he gave them fish in return. Civil exchanges of neighbours.

Will walked up to his hap-hazard gate; a mixture of moss coated stones and fungus spotted branches. Familiar foot steps scrambled towards him and a rare smile warmed his features. About half a dozen dogs, small ones, large ones, hairy ones and sleek one, came running up to greet him. He bent down, rifling fishy hands over their muzzles and scratching their fluffy necks.

"I caught lots of fish today-" He patted the pouch and the dogs all barked happily, tails wagging. He laughed as they swarmed over him, all pushing against each other trying to scooch up to him and lick his face.- "Calm down, calm down;" he chuckled, getting back up to his feet and walking into his cottage, "There's plenty for everyone."

Seven fish for six dogs and one faun.

Will dropped the pouch with a wet thud next to the fire, stepping over to his kitchen to grab a pan to fry them in. He watched his dogs file in after him; Patches, Truffle, Harry, Liz, Scraps.

Hang on.

Five dogs.

Only five dogs.

Where was Winston?

“Winston!” Will called out, ,”C’mere boy”

No excited scrabble of claws on the stone floor, none of the other dogs yapping.

Will discarded the pan and clacked his way through the tiny cottage. The dog wasn’t in any of his usual little hidy-holes, he wasn’t sniffing around the front garden.

The other dogs followed him curiously, perhaps disappointed that he wasn’t cooking the fish. He turned to the mismatched pack, concern in his voice, “Do any of you know where he went?”

Unsurprisingly receiving no answer, he tried calling again. But he knew what must have happened.

Winston had wandered into the woods.

At night.

And that was not a good thing.

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Will was frightened in the dark, to put it lightly. Enchanted woods are wonderful in the daylight, but at night… well any number of terrible things could happen.

He trod lightly, carefully; shawl tugged tight around his shoulders and lantern held in front. A gust made the trees creak, goosebumps rolled over Will’s body.

“Winston!” His voice was a tiny bit strangled, smaller than he’d like it to be.

Something tapped his hoof. He jumped.

The something squeaked; a pixie flitted up to eye level and slapped his nose.

“Sorry;” The pixie shook his tiny head with a huff and turned to fly away, Will slipped his hand in front of it,“Wait-“

Leafy wings buzzed impatiently.

“Have you seen a dog? He has sandy fur, a bit long; he’s very friendly”

The pixie sat down on his lamp, holding his tiny, twig-like feet near the flame to warm them as he thought. Will stood perfectly still as the pixie sat, careful lot to move his lantern.

The pixie squeaked, standing up and flexing his tiny, athletic little body in the torch’s shimmer, nodding.

“Can you show me where?”

Another dainty nod. With a light tap, the pixie jumped from the torch back into the air and tugging on Will’s finger.

“Thank you.”

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It was not a good idea to follow a pixie.

No, a correction; it is /never/ a good idea to follow a pixie.

/ever/

Unfortunately, however, Will forgot this piece of wisdom in his eagerness to find his lost dog.

So he followed as his apparent helper looped and flitted ahead , between tree trunks, over rocks and logs, through long, waving grass. His lantern shone beautifully on everything; it made the trees resemble winding flames frozen mid-lick; it cast great shadows from tiny toadstools laden with faerie-dust; it was hard not to be transfixed by the eerie mystical quality the forest had under torch light.

So much so that Will became distracted, looking around at dancing shadows and the winding forms of the trees instead of where he was putting his cloven feet.

He mis-stepped to interesting consequence.

Ungracefully, the faun tumbled down a bowl like ridge, horns turning up the earth and shawl tearing on a small bramble; head clunking against the base of a towering sycamore.

The pixie was in hysterics and Will Graham was knocked out entirely.

Both of these occurrences, however, would not last particularly long.

A third member invited himself to the party, making a grand entrance in plucking the laughing fay from the air and popping him in his mouth.

He chewed with razor blade teeth.

He swallowed with a grimace.

Pixies taste like bark, and that one was no exception.

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When Will came to, he thought, at first, that everything was going to go on as normal. That he was pick up his lantern, re-light it and keep on looking for the absent Winston. That he would perhaps, find the dog, carry him home and finally fry up the fish and have a quiet evening as was the custom.

He couldn't have been more wrong.

For the first thing that happened was this:

Someone else lit his torch.

Will froze.

The someone wasn't human, he wasn't another faun or satyr, not a wood nymph , elf, dwarf, brownie.

He was a tall, slender man whose spine wound off into a long, dark tail; who had four spiralling black horns and snake's eyes tinted with blood and charcoal. Fine scales in shades of red and black coated his defined muscles, claws like scabbards flashed at the ends of artist's hands, and finally, two colossal wings fanned out on either side.

He smiled in a way that would warrant the word softly in any other situation, but it's hard for a smile to be soft when the person smiling has teeth sharp like a shark's.

A firedrake.

"Are you lost, faun?"

Will couldn't wrestle his vocal chords into cooperating; they hung limp however much he screamed at them to do what he wanted. All he could manage was shocked kind of whimper.

The dragon stepped closer, Will backed into the tree.

A dragon would eat him.

"What?" The dragon flapped his wings, the harsh gust from the movement slamming Will hard against the tree, forcing out another whimper as the drake let a smooth chuckle flow between smirking lips, "Are you frightened of me?"

Will couldn't see how lying would help him in this situation so after a couple seconds of trying, he spat out a strangled "Very."

Sweet smelling smoke rolled out of the dragons mouth and nostrils as a laugh rolled out of him like caramel, "Your honesty is admirable," he leant over Will, who couldn't really shrink back anymore at this point, "And you have every reason to fear me." The drake's lips were right by Will's ear, "I believe the townsfolk call me Hannibal the man-eater" Will was shaking now, terrified by how close this monster was, "And personally, I believe the title fits me quite well."

“Are you going to…” Will gulped, turning to Hannibal with an abrupt tic of his head, “E-eat me?”

The firedrake grinned his knife collection smile and let more fragrant smoke trickle between the cracks, “No, why would I?” He retreated slightly, wings folding back, tail curving around and ghosting over one of Will’s hooves, “I eat men, not your kind,” The tail was wrapped tight around the hoof now, “I’d break my teeth on your hooves and horns.”

“Yes, you certainly would-“ Will sputtered out nervously, trying to shake free of the tail’s grip.

“And just look at you, covered in fur and lean as a half starved foal,” Hannibal spoke slowly as he snaked his tail further up Will’s leg, “I’d wager that your meat is tougher than leather.”

Will’s skin prickled as one of the drake’s claws trailed up his neck. Any closer and it would slice right through him and bleed him dry.

The fire filled eyes broke contact with wills, looking down at the claws, “Oh, I apologise,” The claws retreated back into the fingers, leaving needle like pricks at the end, “My physique is suited for mass murder, not… curiosity.”

“Curiosity?”

“Precisely,” The fingers spread over Will’s neck, thumb running slowly over Will’s sweat drenched windpipe, “I get curious sometimes,” The tail had reached Will’s thigh now, Hannibal’s breath falling hot over crawling skin, “About all kinds of interesting things…”

The drake kissed his collarbone.

Will did not hesitate to kick him as hard as he could.

Hannibal looked shocked to put it lightly.

This dragon could burn him to a crisp if he wanted, slice him into tiny bits, bite off his frightened little face. Why on earth had Will kicked him?

Hannibal looked down at the neat little hoof prints sitting pink on his chest, then up at Will; expression unreadable.

Will held his breath.

The unreadable flicked to a smile, and then a laugh; forked tongue peeking into view, sparks spitting from Hannibal’s open mouth. “How rude, I didn’t even ask you first,” The dragon regained his composure, taking Will’s chin gently between his finger and thumb, “Regardless, you taste of rain.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes, that and…” Hannibal’s brow creased in thought, “Trout?”

“I-I was fishing.” Will was trying to banish the jitters from his voice.

“It is certainly an interesting combination of flavours,” The tail slipped down to Will’s inner thigh, stroking up and down slowly, making Will’s breath falter, “I’d love to taste it again.”

The tip of the tail slid briefly over Will’s crotch.

He shuddered.

“O-okay”

Hannibal smirked.

Will wasn’t quite sure why he agreed to this; perhaps it was because he thought that playing along with the firedrake would save him from getting hurt, perhaps it was more because while the dragon’s lips scared him, they were the best thing he’d ever felt.

They returned to his skin as if magnetised; Will clung to the grass beneath him, closing his eyes as he drove his pretty cloven hooves into the ground, heat blooming from under Hannibal’s lips. Winding, searing, scorching and singing over Will’s neck and around to the rest of him.

The pinprick ends of obsidian claws skated over Will’s dotted skin, leaving hairline scratches that tingled in the still evening air, strong hands found a place on shuddering sides, thumbs working the skin and fingers grasping. The long, cool scaled tail kept on stroking and sliding about Will’s legs and hips, moving with a mind of its own, a smooth python constricting Will’s thighs.

Holding him, stroking him.

Hannibal’s sweet smoke swirled around and filled Will’s lungs, muddling thoughts, giving everything an ethereal glow, a shimmer. It made his blood run just that little bit hotter, just that tiny bit faster.

He couldn’t silence a trembling sigh as the hot weight shifted in unpredictable ways. The gentle graze of deadly teeth on his wind pipe froze him and the wave of a forked, fire tinted tongue melted him. Reptile growls buzzed from Hannibal’s chest into Will’s bones, snake-like hisses soft like the sighing of the sea.

The kisses trailed to Will’s fur-dusted chest, lingering over copper tinted nipples, sucking and teasing with pinches from daggered teeth. The dragon murmured into his blushing flesh and Will could do nothing to keep himself together; he wanted so much to cling to Hannibal’s shoulders, waist and hips, but he couldn’t force up his hands, still too intimidated by the firedrake to make a move of his own.

Hungry hands grabbed fistfuls of dark, curled fur, tugging Will’s hips up to grind against Hannibal’s; the lips strayed lower still, breaking contact for a second before gliding from the start of Will’s furry hips over his navel, up past his chest, neck and finally over his lips. But

only briefly- they didn't linger long enough to let Will drown in Hannibal's lovely smoke, but they did long enough to steal his breath away and tug out a heated moan.

The lips were off Will again and Hannibal's hips rolled up against Will's, the fine woven leather of Hannibal's pants rubbing harshly over the fur hiding Will's cock. He rocked and thrusted against Will until the faun was hard and whimpering, thrusting back in an effort to grind, little cloven hooves scraping up the earth as he kicked them against it.

"Hannibal-" Will whined, breath staggered by barely there breath, he cocked his head back and Hannbal pushed apart his thighs; opening his eyes for a fraction of a second. Hannibal knelt between his opened legs, strong hands holding them in place, wings outstretched, tail sliding up again and sliding over Will's cock before Hannibal smirked, ducking down; lips kissing the blushing tip.

Eyes closed again, mouth wide as he moaned, softly spotted brow meshed.

Puffs of the intoxicating smoke rolled over his length, sparks flicked into Will's fur, incredible heat pulled beads of sweat from flushed skin. The forked tongue wrapped around Will's sex and squeezed it, sliding slowly up and down as Will bucked his hips in a way reminiscent of his animal half; little goat's tail curling.

Hannibal's smile melted around Will's cock, sharp teeth barely touching him as the hot, wet, soft mouth enveloped every inch of it. Then he sucked.

Will's legs trembled, teeth gritted, moaning through pursed lips. Moonlight flashed on Hannibal's dark horns as he bobbed up and down slowly, as he pumped Will with his dragon's tongue, as he made Will shake in a mixture of terror and bliss with the brush of deadly teeth.

Eating him up without taking a bite.

The wings curled over Will's body as Hannibal sped himself and cupped Will's balls; The tail slid up between Will's cheeks, cool scales teasing his hole with slow stroking movement. More smoke rolled out, more sparks, more hot saliva slipped and wet him. Hannibal enjoyed a new taste as salty sweet pre-cum rolled from Will's throbbing tip.

Hannibal ground is tongue over the tiny slit, Will cried out and kicked the earth, insides twisting in the best possible way, softly pointed ears pressed back against his head. The firedrake hissed again and Will felt it surge through him.

His nerves were all tied together and thrashing, whining and writhing and pulsing; Will's heart beat was loud in his ears, he could hear his blood roaring through his body, his chest tightening and gut going hot and light.

One strong suck up, a breath of evening breeze, heat crashing back down, hard.

Ringing replaced the pounding heart beat, nerves untied and flew, gritted teeth opened to let out cry after cry after cry. Hips bucked mindlessly in the spasm of orgasm, brightness replaced the dark of the forest that circled around.

Cum spurted out, white and thick down Hannibal's throat.

He kept on sucking until every last drop was gone, until Will's cock was so sensitive he started crying at Hannibal's touch.

The dragon broke the contact, one last breath of smoke rippling from his lips into Will's heaving lungs.

And Will was out, body exhausted and trembling in the middle of the forest in the middle of the night.

--

When he woke the next morning, Will Graham was at home; curled up by the final choked embers of his fire, surrounded by sleeping dogs.

Winston was nuzzled up to his chest.

Will blinked a couple times, disoriented.

His body felt better rested than it had ever been, chest warmed at the return of his dog, but how had he gotten home?

Sunlight leaked through the windows, warming him slowly.

He looked around, not sitting up or standing, just looking; searching for explanation.

Had he dreamt up the dragon?

Maybe.

Will yawned, Winston flicked open his curious little eyes and Will smiled, moving a hand to pet him.

Something dropped out when he opened the palm.

He looked down.

A smooth red scale glinted like a ruby in the soft morning sun.

It hadn't been a dream at all.

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